Ieſ. I wiſh your Lady-ſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſd
To wiſh it backe on you: farewell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: Take this ſame Letter,
And vſe thou all th'indeuour of a man
In ſpeede to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my Coſins hands, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeede
Vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Bai. Madam, I go with all conuenient ſpeede. *Exit.*
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. Wee'l ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.
Ner. Shall they ſee vs?
Por. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparreld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed:
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw trickes of theſe bragging iackes,

VVhich

VVhich I will practiſe.
Ner. VVhy, ſhall we
Por. Fie, what a queſ
If thou wert nere a lewd
But come, ile tell thee al
VVhen I am in my Coac
At the Parke gate; and
For we muſt meaſure tw

Ente

Clo. Yes truly, for lo
be laid vpon the childre
was alwayes plaine with
of the matter: therefore
are damn'd, ther is but o
and that is but a kind of
Ieſ. And what hope i
Clo. Marry you ma
not, that you are not the
Ieſſi. That were a kin
my mother ſhould be vi
Clo. Truely then I fea
Mother: thus when I ſh
your mother; well, you
Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd b
ſtian.
Clo. Truly the more
before, e'ne as many as
king of Chriſtians will
be Porke-eaters, we ſha
for money.

E

Ieſ. Ile tel my husban
Lor. I ſhall grow ieal

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH